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this by its third line. Facility is frequently a great weakener.

Mere atomies, whose souls, with meanness fraught,
Must soar to seize a caterpillar's thought,—
A man's, a poet's, sends you clean distraught.

A just sample of the poem can be gathered from some lines on "The Great Exhibition."

Peace-men had then their beatific vision;
And art-schools were to render earth Elysian.
But glass and iron vanished; and, it's clear,
Art education don't succeed on beer.

If popular Art you want, live in some wine land,
Whether it's France, or Italy, or Rhineland,
Which there you'll get; for touch and feeling fine
Towards gracious ends (true Art is half divine),
Asks for support a modicum of wine.

What England, as a nation, wants, is taste;
The judgment that's in due proportion placed;
We overdo, we underdo, or waste.
Look at that monstrous thing they call a statue,
On entering the old Abbey, staring at you.
Is it the genius of the British nation,
Promoted to that marble exaltation,
Dwarfing all other objects by its size?
Or is't illustrative of legal lies?

Can any one pass through Cheapside, nor feel
A pang of horror shoot from head to heel,
That caricature colossal of "Sir Peel,"
As he contemplates? "*Mais, c'est assez vile.*"
And as a proof of exquisite bad taste,
Like statues of him everywhere are placed.

With vulgar prodigality of brass
(Which costs us nothing here), our cockneys pass,
Cabbing from Hyde Park Corner to the Tower,
Their Iron Duke six times within the hour.
Lo! where the giant cockhorse on the arch,
Relentless gives the word perpetual "March!"—
Whereby is typified, in symbol witty,
The army riding roughshod o'er the city.

Again, to show something of the style and thought:

To be impressive no one need be coarse;
Think not uncouth asperity is force.
Despise the senseless jeer of "artificial,"
Art be your end, your mean, and your initial.
The art most perfect is most perfect nature;
Each work by strictest rules in form and features,
And both by laws, attain their loftiest stature.
For law comes after nature and restrains,
But still makes music in her golden chains.
True, as regards the Great Omphic Cause,
Prior to all creation are His laws;
But as concerns the creature's comprehension,
Knowledge of fact precedes of law invention.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HUGH MILLER, by Thomas N. Brown. Rudd & Carleton, N. Y.

Whatever relates to a man of genius—and Hugh Miller is one of the most conspicuous of his age—excites curiosity, and helps us to live better lives. If possible, we should like to get at the life and the development of Hugh Miller's character, without wading through the tedious detail of a Scottish church controversy—as puzzling as an intricate problem in geometry. We suspect the author of this book was more concerned with "the church" portion of his work than with Hugh Miller. The book, however, will repay perusal; it is beautifully printed,

and bound, as are all of the publications from Messrs. Rudd & Carleton's press.

THE PRINTER.—Henry & Huntington, Publishers. We have before us two numbers of a monthly periodical bearing the above title. The work is devoted to the interests of the Art of Printing, opening with an interesting history of that art, also with histories of Type-founding and of the Manufacture of Paper. Articles of similar character are to follow, including one upon Wood-Engraving. "The Printer" is published at One Dollar per annum. It is a beautiful specimen of typography, and specially deserving of encouragement.

Art was cradled in the sunny south; in those latitudes where man found himself in Eden—where God gave forth his revelations—where heaven itself seems to touch the earth, clothe all things in beauty, and promise all high delight. The language of the earth seemed poetry, and the work and the pastime of man broke forth into Art. The same sun which made the earth fertile in fruits, made the imagination of man florid in flowers; sunshine laughed within his heart; the blue sky overhead became the canopy to his thoughts, while he led as a shepherd his flocks to pasture in the plain, to gambol on the mountain-side, to rest beneath the shadow of a rock, or beside a shadowy stream. In the south, existence becomes art; and yet that art is nature. What wonder, then, that man should burst into song and dance—that his tongue should use itself to metaphor—that the house for his dwelling, and the temple for his worship, should be dedicated to beauty?

Between the north and the south of Europe how great is the contrast. In the south, Art is a continuance and prolongation of the daily life, in form, doubtless, more subtle and ornate, a realization, however, of life's ideal rather than its actual reversal. In the north, on the contrary, Art comes more as a reaction than as a natural function, an escape from an existence of anxious toil, a kind of fairy fancy-fashioned land in which the mind may lose its habitual consciousness, and take on a condition foreign to itself. In the south, Art is the outburst of an overflowing impulse, and the work thus warmly glowing from the artist-soul, in the minds of others arouses the same ardor. The picture receives homage in the church, becomes part of the religion, and is interwoven with the worship. In the north, on the other hand, the arts are not owned by the church—are not the ardent outburst of any national, popular, or religious impulse—and, accordingly, not indigenous to the soil; they are but petted and pampered exotics of a mere dilettante taste.

In the south, the sun which renders nature prolific, makes the imagination pictorial; but in the north, man, instead of basking in the sun, plods through the snow; intellect and energy aid him, when by imagination he must perish. The fire of fancy is of little avail when he stands in need of fuel for his body. In the south, both man and nature are intent on the making of pictures. In the north, it is the tailor which makes the man, and for all art purposes even a poet is epolit. Men, as they go about this great world—and, what is still more sad, women too—with all their adorning, are no longer pictures; the artist verily does not know what to do with them on canvas, and for their own fame with posterity it is well they should not seek perpetuity in marble. Thus do we see that the south especially, when contrasted with the north, is the cradle of Art; that Italy, wherein the arts sprung, as it were, into spontaneous birth, is the only land wherein can be now traced the laws which govern their development and accelerate their decline.—
Blackwood.